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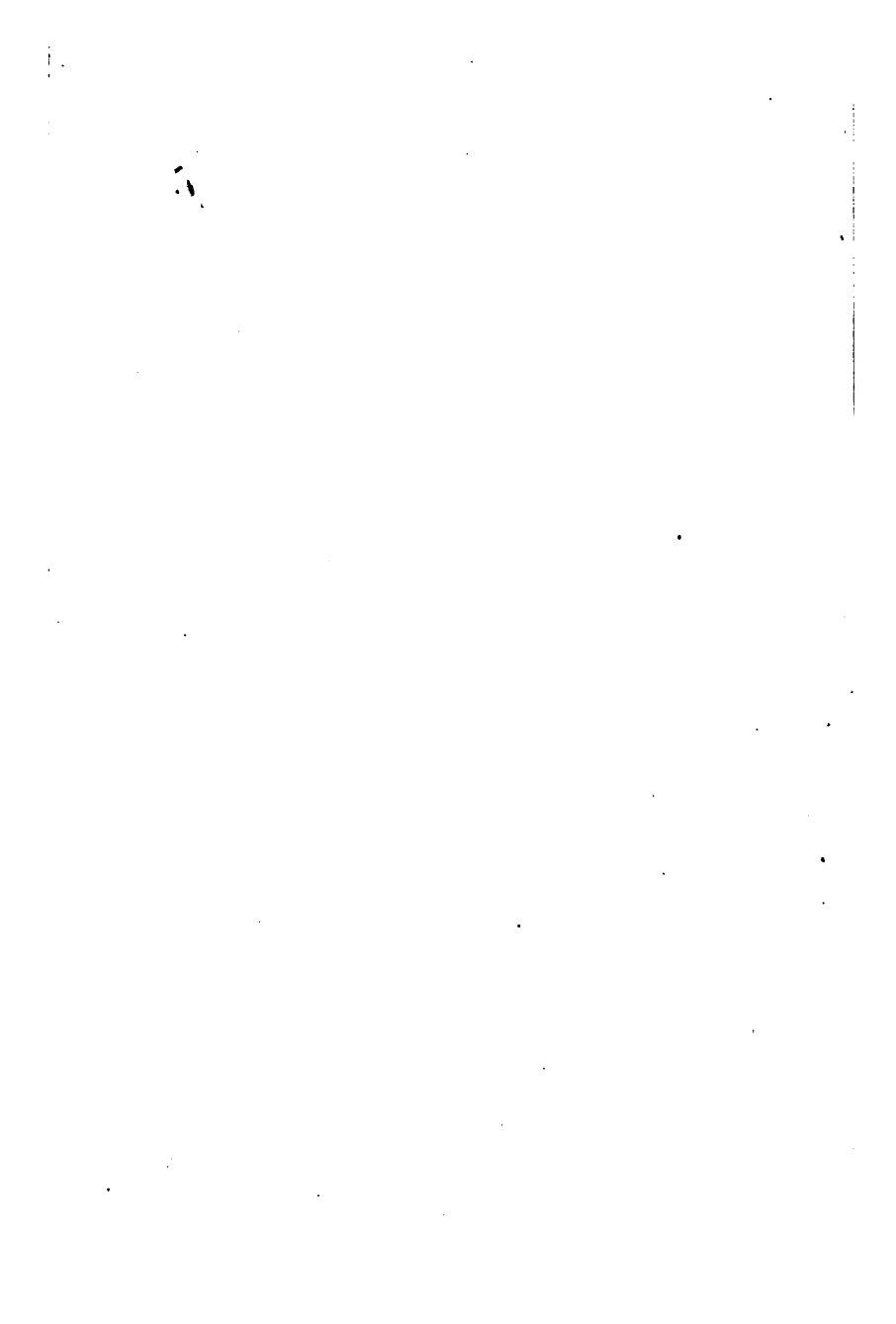
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GRADED POETRY READER

FIRST AND SECOND YEARS

EDITED BY

KATHERINE D. BLAKE

PRINCIPAL GIRLS' DEPARTMENT PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 6,
NEW YORK CITY

AND

GEORGIA ALEXANDER

SUPERVISING PRINCIPAL, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



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INTRODUCTION

POETRY is the chosen language of childhood and youth. The baby repeats words again and again for the mere joy of their sound : the melody of nursery rhymes gives a delight which is quite independent of the meaning of the words. Not until youth approaches maturity is there an equal pleasure in the rounded periods of elegant prose. It is in childhood therefore that the young mind should be stored with poems whose rhythm will be a present delight and whose beautiful thoughts will not lose their charm in later years.

The selections for the lowest grades are addressed primarily to the feeling for verbal beauty, the recognition of which in the mind of the child is fundamental to the plan of this work. The editors have felt that the inclusion of critical notes in these little books intended for elementary school children would be not only superfluous, but, in the degree in which critical comment drew the child's attention from the text, subversive of the desired result. Nor are there any notes on methods. The best way to teach children to love a poem is to read it inspiringly to them. The French say : "The ear is the pathway to the heart." A poem should be so read that it will sing itself in the hearts of the listening children.

In the brief biographies appended to the later books the human element has been brought out. An effort has been made to call attention to the education of the poet and his equipment for his life work rather than to the literary qualities of his style.

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FIRST YEAR—FIRST HALF

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES¹

PUBLISHED IN BOSTON IN 1719 BY THOMAS FLEET

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's
men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty back there
again.

This Pig went to Market

This pig went to market ;	5
This pig stayed at home ;	
This pig had a bit of meat ;	
And this pig had none ;	
This pig said, " Wee, wee, wee !	
I can't find my way home."	10

¹ The versions of the Mother Goose Rhymes are those of the oldest and most correct editions. It will be noticed that they vary in some slight particulars from the newer versions.

Little Jack Horner

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a
plum,
And said, "What a brave boy am I!"

Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary

5 Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row.

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep!

Baa! baa! black sheep!
10 Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full.
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
15 But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn.

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's
in the corn ;

Where's the little boy that tends the sheep?

He's under the hay-cock, fast asleep.

Go wake him, go wake him. Oh ! no,
not I ;

5

For if I awake him, he'll certainly cry.

Sing a Song of Sixpence

Sing a song of sixpence,

A pocket full of rye :

Four-and-twenty blackbirds

Baked in a pie ;

10

When the pie was opened,

The birds began to sing ;

Was not that a dainty dish

To set before the king ?

The king was in his counting-house, 15

Counting out his money ;

The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey ;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes ;
5 When up came a blackbird
And snapt off her nose.

I saw a Ship a-sailing

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea ;
And, oh ! it was all laden
10 With pretty things for thee !

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold ;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

15 The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back ;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, " Quack ! quack ! "

Little Bo-peep

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep, 5
And can't tell where to find them ;
Leave them alone and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating ; 10
But when she awoke she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them ;
She found them indeed, but it made her
heart bleed, 15
For they'd left their tails behind them.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

AMERICA, 1706-1790

He who would Thrive

He who would thrive
Must rise at five;
He who hath thriven
May lie till seven;
5 And he who by the plough would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive.

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY

ENGLAND, 1786-1854

Ladybird, Ladybird !

Ladybird, ladybird ! fly away home !
The field-mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red
eyes,
10 And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Ladybird, ladybird ! fly away home !
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,

The dew's falling fast, and your fine
speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
Good luck if you reach it at last!
The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on
the roam,
Sharp-set from their Ramazan¹ fast.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
The fairy bells tinkle afar!
Make haste or they'll catch you, and har-
ness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

10

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
To your house in the old willow tree,
Where your children so dear have invited
the ant
And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

¹ Ramazan, the holy month of the Mohammedans, in which they keep their Lenten fast.

Ladybird, ladybird ! fly away home !
And if not gobbled up by the way,
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
You're in luck ! and that's all I've to
say !

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE

AMERICA, 1788-1879

Mary had a Little Lamb

- 5 Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow ;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.
- He followed her to school one day,
10 That was against the rule ;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.
- And so the teacher turned him out,
And still he lingered near,
15 And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear :

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid;
You'll save me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh! Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

ENGLAND, 1830-1894

Who has seen the Wind?

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

10

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SCOTLAND, 1850-1894

The Wind

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
5 O wind, a-blowing all day long;
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
10 I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long;
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold;
O blower, are you young or old?
15 Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long;
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Rain

The rain is raining all around ;
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

UNKNOWN

Little Things

Little drops of water, 5
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love, 10
Make this world an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Boats sail on the Rivers

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas ;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

5 There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please ;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
10 Is prettier far than these.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

AMERICA, 1860-

A Dewdrop

Little drop of dew,
Like a gem you are ;
I believe that you
Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,
On the grass you lie ;
Tell me then, at night
Are you in the sky ?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Autumn Fires

In the other gardens 5
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail !

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers, 10
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons !
Something bright in all !
Flowers in the summer, 15
Fires in the fall !

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

Hush-a-bye, Baby

Hush-a-bye, baby,
On the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock ;
5 When the bough bends
The cradle will fall ;
Down will come baby,
Bough, cradle, and all.

Hush-a-bye, baby,
10 Thy cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman,
Mother's a queen ;
Sister's a lady,
And wears a gold ring,
15 Brother's a drummer,
And drums for the king.

FROM THE GERMAN

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep!
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland
tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

5

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The great stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

10

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep!
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland
tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

15

REGINALD HEBER

ENGLAND, 1783-1826

Evening Hymn

God that madest Earth and Heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
5 May Thine Angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

VICTOR HUGO

FRANCE, 1802-1885

Good Night!

10 Good night! Good night!
Far flies the light;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright.
Good night! Good night!

FIRST YEAR—SECOND HALF

EDWARD LEAR

ENGLAND, 1812-1888

Nonsense Alphabet

A was an ant
Who seldom stood still,
And who made a nice house
In the side of a hill.

Nice little ant!

5

B was a bat,
Who slept all the day,
And fluttered about
When the sun went away.

Brown little bat!

10

C was a camel;
You rode on his hump;
And if you fell off,
You came down such a bump!

What a high camel!

15

D was a duck
With spots on his back,
Who lived in the water,
And always said "Quack!"

5 Dear little duck!

E was an elephant,
Stately and wise:
He had tusks and a trunk,
And two queer little eyes.
10 Oh, what funny small eyes!

F was a fish
Who was caught in a net;
But he got out again,
And is quite alive yet.
15 Lively young fish!

G was a goat
Who was spotted with brown:
When he did not lie still
He walked up and down.
20 Good little goat!

H was a hat
Which was all on one side ;
Its crown was too high,
And its brim was too wide.

Oh, what a hat !

5

I was some ice
So white and so nice,
But which nobody tasted ;
And so it was wasted.

All that good ice !

10

J was a jug,
So pretty and white,
With fresh water in it
At morning and night.

Nice little jug !

15

K was a kite
Which flew out of sight,
Above houses so high,
Quite into the sky.

Fly away, kite !

20

L was a lily,
So white and so sweet!
To see it and smell it
Was quite a nice treat.
5 Beautiful lily!

M was a man,
Who walked round and round;
And he wore a long coat
That came down to the ground.
10 Funny old man!

N was a net
Which was thrown in the sea
To catch fish for dinner
For you and for me!
15 Nice little net!

O was an orange
So yellow and round:
When it fell off the tree,
It fell down to the ground.
20 Down to the ground!

P was a Polly,
All red, blue, and green, —
The most beautiful Polly
That ever was seen.

Poor little Polly!

5

Q was a quail
With a very short tail;
And he fed upon corn
In the evening and morn.

Quaint little quail!

10

R was a rabbit,
Who had a bad habit
Of eating the flowers
In gardens and bowers.

Naughty fat rabbit

15

S was the sugar-tongs,
Nippity-nee,
To take up the sugar
To put in our tea.

Nippity-nee!

20

T was a tortoise,
All yellow and black :
He walked slowly away,
And he never came back.

5 Torty never came back !

U was an urn
All polished and bright,
And full of hot water
At noon and at night.

10 Useful old urn !

V was a veil
With a border upon it,
And a ribbon to tie it
All round a pink bonnet.

15 Pretty green veil !

W was a watch,
Where, in letters of gold,
The hour of the day
You might always behold.

20 Beautiful watch !

Y was a yew,
Which flourished and grew
By a quiet abode
Near the side of a road.

Dark little yew ! 5

Z was the zebra,
All striped white and black ;
And if he were tame,
You might ride on his back.

Pretty striped Zebra ! 10

The House that Jack Built

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt 15
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,

That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
5 That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
10 That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
15 That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
20 That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,

That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,¹⁰
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,

That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and
shorn,

That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
 horn,
That tossed the dog,
5 That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
10 That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and
 shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
 horn,
15 That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

NEW ENGLAND PRIMER

SECOND EDITION, BOSTON, 1691

The Golden Rule

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you.

“Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
Save February, which alone
Has twenty-eight, but one day more
We add to it one year in four.

5

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH

AMERICA, 1816-1879

Over in the Meadow

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie one.

10

“Wink!” said the mother;
“I wink,” said the one:
So she winked and she blinked,
In the sand, in the sun.

5 Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
And her little fishes two.
“Swim!” said the mother;
10 “We swim,” said the two:
So they swam and they leaped,
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
15 Lived a mother-bluebird
And her little bluebirds three.
“Sing!” said the mother;
“We sing,” said the three:
So they sang and were glad,
20 In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her little muskrats four
“Dive!” said the mother; 5
“We dive,” said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed,
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive, 10
Lived a mother-honeybee
And her little honeys five.
“Buzz!” said the mother;
“We buzz,” said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed, 15
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six. 20

“Caw !” said the mother ;
“ We caw,” said the six :
So they cawed and they called,
In their nest built of sticks.

5 Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
“ Chirp !” said the mother ;
10 “ We chirp,” said the seven :
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow
By the old mossy gate,
15 Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.
“ Bask !” said the mother ;
“ We bask,” said the eight :
So they basked in the sun,
20 On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
And her little froggies nine.
“Croak !” said the mother ;
“ We croak !” said the nine :
So they croaked and they plashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.
“ Spin !” said the mother ;
“ We spin,” said the ten :
So they spun lace webs,
In their sly little den.

GEORGE MACDONALD

SCOTLAND, 1824-

The Baby

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and
spin?

Some of the starry spikes left in.

5 Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and
high?

A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white
rose?

10 Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

15 Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling
things?

From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear? 5
God thought of you, and so I am here.

ALFRED TENNYSON

ENGLAND, 1809-1892

Little Birdie

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?

"Let me fly," says little birdie;

"Mother, let me fly away." 10

"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."

So she rests a little longer,

Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
“Let me rise and fly away.”

5 “Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.”
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

ROBERT BROWNING

ENGLAND, 1812-1889

Good Morning

10 The year's at the Spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
15 God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world.

ISAAC WATTS

ENGLAND, 1674-1748

How doth the Little Busy Bee

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell; 5
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too; 10
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed;
That I may give for every day 15
Some good account at last.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

ENGLAND, 1819-1875

The Lost Doll

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world ;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
5 But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day ;
And I cried for her more than a week,
dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
10 As I played on the heath one day ;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm's trodden off by the cows,
dears,
And her hair's not the least bit curled ;
15 Yet for old time's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

IRELAND, 1828-1889

Robin Redbreast

Good-by, good-by to Summer!

For Summer's nearly done ;

The garden smiling faintly,

Cool breezes in the sun :

Our Thrushes now are silent,

5

Our Swallows flown away, —

But Robin's here, in coat of brown,

With ruddy breast-knot gay.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,

O Robin dear!

10

Robin singing sweetly

In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,

The leaves come down in hosts ;

The trees are Indian Princes,

15

But soon they'll turn to Ghosts ;

The scanty pears and apples

Hang russet on the bough,

It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!

5 And welaway! my Robin,
For pinching times are near.

The fireside for the Cricket,
The wheatstack for the Mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle

10 And moan all round the house;

The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow, —

Alas! in Winter, dead and dark,

Where can poor Robin go?

15 Robin, Robin Redbreast,

O Robin dear!

And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

ENGLAND, 1830-1894

O Lady Moon

O Lady Moon, your horns point toward
the east:

Shine, be increased;

O Lady Moon, your horns point toward
the west:

Wane, be at rest.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SCOTLAND, 1850-1894

My Bed is a Boat

My bed is like a little boat;

5

Nurse helps me in when I embark;

She girds me in my sailor's coat

And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say

"Good night" to all my friends on shore; 10

I shut my eyes and sail away

And see and hear no more.

All night across the dark we steer :
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

JANE TAYLOR

ENGLAND, 1783-1824

Child's Thought of a Star

5 Twinkle, twinkle, little star ;
How I wonder what you are !
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky !

10 When the blazing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

15 In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep ;
For you never shut your eye.
Till the sun is in the sky.

Then if I were in the dark,
I would thank you for your spark ;
I could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

UNKNOWN

Old Gaelic Lullaby

Hush ! the waves are rolling in, 5
White with foam, white with foam ;
Father toils amid the din ;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the winds roar hoarse and deep,—
On they come, on they come ! 10
Brother seeks the wandering sheep ;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam ;
Sister goes to seek the cows ; 15
But baby sleeps at home.

SECOND YEAR—FIRST HALF

JEAN INGELOW

ENGLAND, 1830-1897

Seven Times One

There's no dew left on the daisies and
clover,

There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my "seven times" over and
over —

Seven times one are seven.

8 I am old ! so old I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done :
The lambs play always, they know no
better ;
They are only one times one.

O Moon ! in the night I have seen you
sailing,
10 And shining so round and low ;

You were bright! ah, bright! but your
light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something
wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be
forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold;
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and
yellow!
Give me your money to hold.

10

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell;
O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple
clapper,
That hangs in your clear, green bell.

And show me your nest with the young
ones in it —

I will not steal them away,
I am old! you may trust me, Linnet,
Linnet, —
I am seven times one to-day.

EDWIN ARNOLD

ENGLAND, 1832-1904

The Swallow's Nest

5 Day after day her nest she moulded,
Building with magic, love and mud,
A gray cup made by a thousand journeys,
And the tiny beak was trowel and hod.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

AMERICA, 1802-1880

Who stole the Bird's Nest?

10 "To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

“Not I,” said the cow, “Moo-oo!
Such a thing I’d never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn’t take your nest away.
Not I,” said the cow, “Moo-oo! 5
Such a thing I’d never do.”

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made? 10

“Bob-o’-link! Bob-o’-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?”

“Not I,” said the dog, “Bow-wow! 15
I wouldn’t be so mean, anyhow!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I,” said the dog, “Bow-wow!
I’m not so mean, anyhow.” 20

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?”

5 “Bob-o’-link! Bob-o’-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?”

10 “Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?”

15 “Not I,” said the sheep; “Oh, no!
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!” said the sheep, “Oh,
no,
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so.”

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link! 5
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too! 10
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away 15
A bird's nest, to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again,
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick. 20

We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
5 Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
We'll make a great stir!
And find out his name,
10 And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

15 "It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
20 And went and hid behind the bed,

For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER

IRELAND, 1820-1895

All Things Bright and Beautiful

All things bright and beautiful, 5
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings, 10
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them high or lowly, 15
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky ; —

5 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden, —
He made them every one ;

10 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day ; —

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
15 How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

ENGLAND, 1826-1887

Violets


Violets, violets, sweet March violets,
Sure as March comes, they'll come too,
First the white and then the blue —
Pretty violets!

White, with just a pinky dye, 5
Blue as little baby's eye, —
So like violets.

Though the rough wind shakes the house,
Knocks about the budding boughs,
There are violets. 10

Though the passing snow-storms come,
And the frozen birds sit dumb,
Up spring violets.

One by one among the grass,
Saying "Pluck me!" as we pass, — 15
Scented violets.



By and by there'll be so many,
We'll pluck dozens nor miss any :
Sweet, sweet violets !

5 Children, when you go to play,
Look beneath the hedge to-day : —
Mamma likes violets.


KATE L. BROWN

AMERICA, 1857—

The Little Plant

10 In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep !
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep !

“ Wake ! ” said the sunshine,
“ And creep to the light ! ”
“ Wake ! ” said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.



The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be!

JANE TAYLOR

Thank You, Pretty Cow

Thank you, pretty cow, that made 5
Pleasant milk to soak my bread
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the reedy bank; 10
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine, 15
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

GEORGE MACDONALD

SCOTLAND, 1824-

Little White Lily

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.

5

Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

10

Little white Lily
Said, " It is good ;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."

15

Little white Lily
Drest like a bride ;
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside !

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

5

Little white Lily
Said, " Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain.

10

Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool ;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

15

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet ;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.

20

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle, and all
Over the country side.

- 5 Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown ; —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.
-

PHŒBE CARY

AMERICA, 1824-1871

Suppose

- Suppose, my little lady,
10 Your doll should break her head ;
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red ?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
15 And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head, that broke ?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
 And the rain comes pouring down;
 Will it clear off any sooner
 Because you scold and frown?
 And wouldn't it be nicer
 For you to smile than pout,
 And so make sunshine in the house
 When there is none without?

5

Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get;
 Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret?
 And wouldn't it be wiser
 Than waiting like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest
 And learn a thing at once?

10

15

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
 And some a coach and pair;
 Will it tire you less while walking
 To say, "It isn't fair"?

20

And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

5 And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do ;
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you ?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
10 The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can ?

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

AMERICA, 1880-

Daisies

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead ;
15 They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the Night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise, 5
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them
down
Into the meadows of the town.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SCOTLAND, 1850-1894

. **Bed in Summer**

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light. 10
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet 15
Still going past me on the street.


And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

The Sun's Travels

5 The sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
10 We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea;
15 And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.



SECOND YEAR—SECOND HALF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ENGLAND, 1564-1616,

Ariel's Song

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

5

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

ENGLAND, 1830-1894

The Swallow

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,¹⁰
Bringing the summer and bringing the
sun.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

IRELAND, 1828-1889

The Fairies

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men ;
5 Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore
10 Some make their home :
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam ;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
15 With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old king sits ;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.

By the craggy hillside, 5
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite? 10
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting 15
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather! 20

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

AMERICA, 1833-

The Bluebird

I know the song that the bluebird is sing-
ing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be
dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so
cheery.

8 Hark! how the music leaps out from his
throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's
saying,
Up in the apple-tree swinging and sway-
ing:

“ Dear little blossoms, down under the
snow,
10 You must be weary of winter, I know ;

Hark! while I sing you a message of
cheer,
Summer is coming and spring-time is
here!

“ Little white snow-drop, I pray you arise ;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your
eyes ;
Sweet little violets hid from the cold, 5
Put on your mantles of purple and gold ;
Daffodils, Daffodils ! say, do you hear ?
Summer is coming, and spring-time is
here ! ”

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SCOTLAND, 1771-1832

Hie Away

Hie away, hie away!
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,

Where the lady fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
5 Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away!

THOMAS COLESWORTHY

ENGLAND, 1810-1872

Don't kill the Birds

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,
10 That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.
The little birds, how sweet they sing!
Oh! let them joyous live;
15 And never seek to take the life
That you can never give.

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,
That play among the trees;

'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
Should we dispense with these.
The little birds, how fond they play !
Do not disturb their sport ;
But let them warble forth their songs 5
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds, the happy birds,
That bless the fields and grove ;
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love. 10
The happy birds, the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 'tis to see !
No spot can be a cheerless place
Where'er their presence be.

WILLIAM BLAKE

ENGLAND, 1757-1827

The Lamb

Little lamb, who made thee? 15
Dost thou know who made thee,

Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
5 Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice ?
Little lamb, who made thee ?

Dost thou know who made thee ?
Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
10 Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.

15 I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name,
Little lamb, God bless thee !
Little lamb, God bless thee !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

ENGLAND, 1772-1834

Answer to a Child's Question

Do you ask what the birds say? The
sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I
love!"
In the winter they're silent — the wind is
so strong;
What it says, I don't know; but it sings
a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and
sunny warm weather, 5
And singing, and loving — all come back
together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness
and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky
above,
That he sings, and he sings; and forever
sings he —
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!" 10

LUCY LARCOM

AMERICA, 1826-1893

If I were a Sunbeam

“ If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I’d do :
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through ;
5 I would steal among them,
Softest light I’d shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

“ If I were a sunbeam,
10 I know where I’d go :
Into lowliest hovels
Dark with want and woe ;
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine ;
15 Then they’d think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.”

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God has blessed thee, 5
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die, or shine.

ELIZABETH LEE FOLLEN

AMERICA, 1787-1860

Runaway Brook

“ Stop, stop, pretty water ! ”
Said Mary one day, 10
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

“ You run on so fast !
I wish you would stay ;
My boat and my flowers 15
You will carry away.

“But I will run after;
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away.”

5 So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

HELEN GRAY CONE

AMERICA, 1859-

Dandelions

Upon a showery night and still,
10 Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded,
15 And yet, at dawn their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot ;
 'Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
 A crowd of vet'rans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and
 gray 5
 With pride and noiseless laughter ;
When, well-a-day ! they blew away,
 And ne'er were heard of after !

SUSAN COOLIDGE

(SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY)

AMERICA, 1845-

How the Leaves came Down

" I'll tell you how the leaves came down."
 The great tree to his children said, 10
" You're getting sleepy, Yellow and
 Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red,
It is quite time to go to bed."

“ Ah ! ” begged each silly, pouting leaf,
“ Let us a little longer stay ;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief ;
’Tis such a very pleasant day
5 We do not want to go away.”

So, for just one more merry day
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
10 Whispering all their sports among.

“ Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret.”
But the great tree did no such thing ;
15 He smiled to hear them whispering.

“ Come, children, all to bed,” he cried ;
And ere the leaves could urge their
prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
20 Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them ; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and
warm. 5

The great bare tree looked down and
smiled.

“ Good night, dear little leaves,” he
said ;

And from below each sleepy child
Replied, “ Good night,” and murmured,
“ It is so nice to go to bed ! ” 10

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

AMERICA, 1860—

Wizard Frost

Wondrous things have come to pass
On my square of window-glass.
Looking in it I have seen
Grass no longer painted green,

Trees whose branches never stir,
Skies without a cloud to blur,
Birds below them sailing high,
Church-spires pointing to the sky,
5 And a funny little town
Where the people, up and down
Streets of silver, to me seem
Like the people in a dream,
Dressed in finest kinds of lace :
10 'Tis a picture on a space
Scarcely larger than the hand,
Of a tiny Switzerland,
Which the wizard Frost has drawn
'Twixt the nightfall and the dawn.
15 Quick ! and see what he has done
Ere 'tis stolen by the Sun.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

AMERICA, 1802-1880

Thanksgiving Day

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go ;

The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood —
Oh, how the wind does blow! 5
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play; 10
Hear the bells ring,
“Ting-a-ling-ding!”
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray! 15
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate. 20

We seem to go
Extremely slow —
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood —
5 Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

JOY ALLISON

I love you, Mother

"I love you, mother," said little John;
10 Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
15 Then she teased and pouted full half the
day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to
play.

“I love you, mother,” said little Fan,
“To-day I’ll help you all I can ;
How glad I am that school doesn’t keep ! ”
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom, ⁵
And swept the floor, and dusted the room ;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

“I love you, mother,” again they said —
Three little children going to bed ; ¹⁰
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SCOTLAND, 1850-1894

My Shadow

I have a little shadow that goes in and
out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more
than I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels
up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I
jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way
he likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is
always very slow;
5 For he sometimes shoots up taller, like
an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that
there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children
ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every
sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward
you can see;
10 I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that
shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun
was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup ;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant
sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was
fast asleep in bed.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

(LORD HOUGHTON)

ENGLAND, 1809-1885

Good Night and Good Morning

A fair little girl sat under a tree, 5
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;
Then smoothed her work and folded it
right,
And said, " Dear work, good night, good
night ! "

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying " Caw ! caw ! " on their way to bed, 10

She said, as she watched their curious
flight,
“Little black things, good night, good
night!”

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep’s “bleat! bleat!” came over
the road;
5 All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
“Good little girl, good night, good night!”

She did not say to the sun, “good night!”
Though she saw him there like a ball of
light;
For she knew he had God’s time to keep
10 All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite
prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was
day ;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
“ Good morning, good morning ! Our
work is begun.”

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SCOTLAND, 1850-1894

The Land of Story-books

At evening when the lamp is lit, 5
Around the fire my parents sit ;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl,
All in the dark, along the wall, 10
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,

And play at books that I have read,
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes ;
5 And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
10 At my dear land of Story-books.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

(LORD HOUGHTON)

Lady Moon

“Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you
roving? ”

“Over the sea.”

“Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you
loving? ”

“All that love me.”

“ Are you not tired with rolling and never
Resting to sleep ?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep ? ”

“ Ask me not this, little child, if you love me; 5
You are too bold.
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.”

“ Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you
roving ? ”

“ Over the sea.” 10

“ Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you
loving ? ”

“ All that love me.”

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet, 15
A man goes riding by.

Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about ?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
5 By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he ;
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

ISAAC WATTS

ENGLAND, 1674-1748

Hush, My Babe, Lie Still and Slumber

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
10 Holy angels guard thy bed ;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
15 When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee !

Soft and easy is the cradle ;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

I could give thee thousand kisses, 5
Hoping what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days ; 10
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

ROBERT HERRICK

ENGLAND, 1591-1674

Humility

Humble we must be
If to heaven we go ;
High is the roof there, 15
But the gate is low.



